

DOCTOR • WHO

HOT METAL

PART TWO

Trapped inside the Crystalline Matrix of the Daily Eon newspaper, Hoopball Superstar Ray Royce sent an **SOS** out into the galaxy.

Having stumbled across Ray's plea for help, the Doctor has himself been **digitized** into the News Factory...

They got him. Now we're **done** for.



Oh, man. That is such a bad likeness. Don't I even get picture approval?!

No time for that. We need to get to the Editorial, so we can put a stop to all this.

Actually, **all this** is incredible. A whole **virtual** world, just for you.

That's how the Eon works. Each journalist gets their own **private** universe, generated from their memories.

Script CHRISTOPHER COOPER
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

I'm *forced* to replay each of my most famous victories, and *defeats*, over and over again.

And the Crystalline Matrix *converts* that data directly into column inches for the newspaper. Brilliant.

An endless supply of stories. No wonder they wanted to scan *me* so much.

They'd have needed to publish a whole colour supplement. Every single week. With free gifts.

And they'll soon work out you're here. You're *erroneous copy* now, Doc.

SubEds will be here *any* second. They exist to root out rogue spelling mistakes and bad grammar.

Well, I'm the *biggest* grammatical error they're ever going to meet. Come on!



We've gotta get outta here *right now!*

I'm *working* on it. I need some time.

Got it, Doc.

Hey team, we need some cover. Four-four-two formation. Attack pattern Delta. *Go!*





Let's go shoot some hoops!



If I can *just* locate the nearest crystal node, I can cause it to resonate and open a portal to another page. The TV listings, or the horoscopes or something...

Wouldn't it be easier to just use these tickets?

What?!



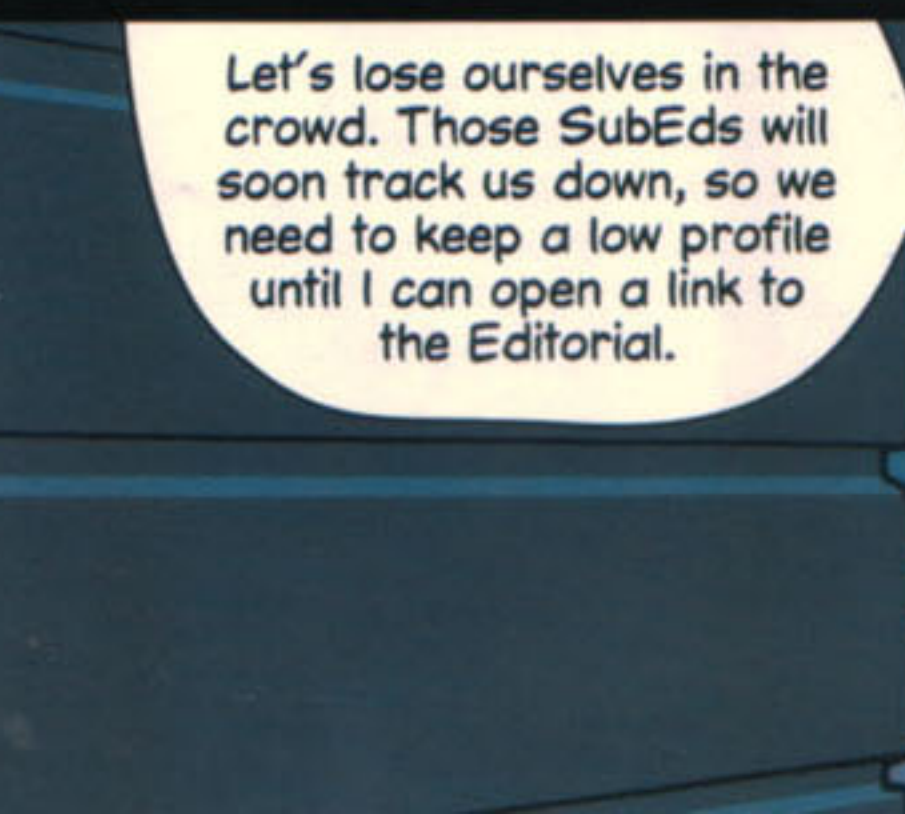
Guest passes to the opening of The Envelope - hottest new nightclub in the galaxy.

Perfect! If turning up at the opening of an envelope doesn't get us into the gossip column, nothing will! These tickets will transport us straight to the right page.

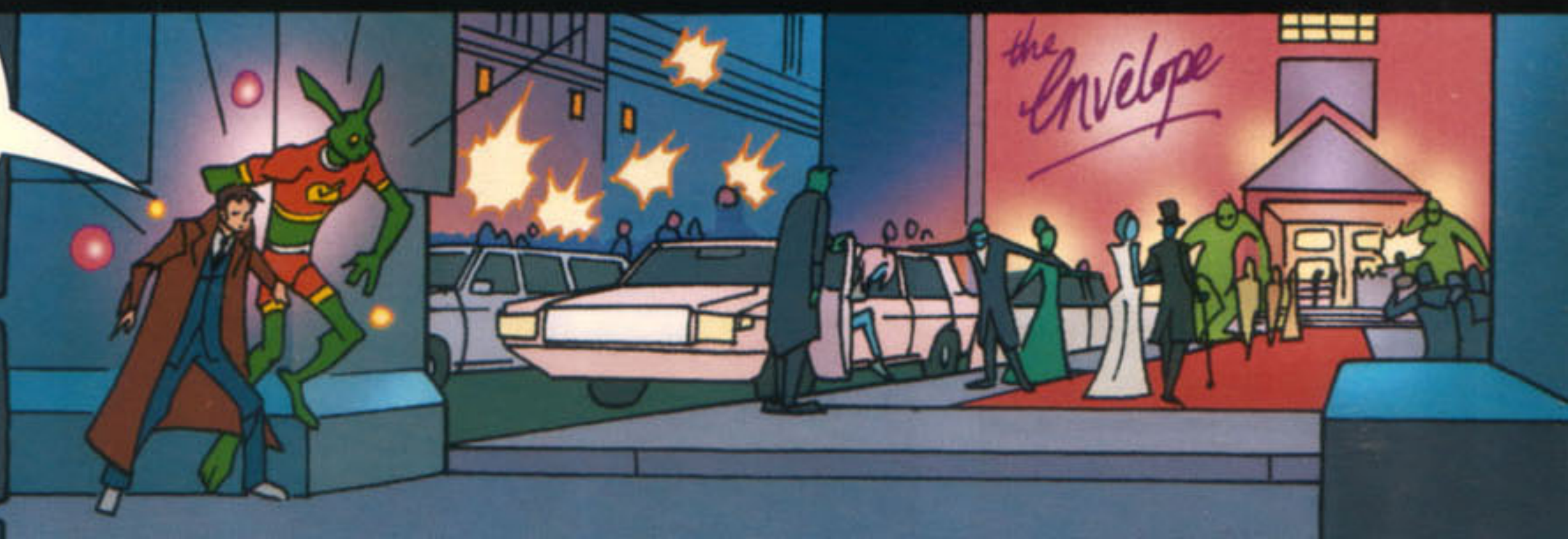


And that's next to the *Editorial*, right?

Right. Where did you get these? Actually, it doesn't matter. *Hang on.*



Let's lose ourselves in the crowd. Those SubEds will soon track us down, so we need to keep a low profile until I can open a link to the Editorial.





Ray! *Ray Royce!*
Come over here
you big lug!

Oh, hoop-rot.
It's the *wife!*



Where the *hoops* have you
been? How am I supposed to
maintain my WAG status if we
aren't photographed together
at these gigs? I send you
guest passes and...

Signing up to the Eon staff
was all *your* idea, Boudica.
You know I hate all this celeb
stuff. I'd have happily retired
and become a vidcast pundit
on *Hoop of the Day*...



Now look what
you've done. We'll be
splashed all over the
front page!

I thought *that* was
what you wanted?

Not *all* news is good
news. You have *so*
much to learn.



Is she always
like this?

Worse.
Suddenly, eternal
enslavement at
the Eon doesn't
seem so bad.



Hello there. Who's
your friend, Ray? He's
gorgeous. Why don't
you introduce me.

Oh brother!

Hello. Absolute
pleasure. Ray's told
me, oh *reams* about
you. Let's get inside
quickly now, and we can
have a nice little chat.



Too late, Doc!
They've *found*
us again!

This way.
Quickly!

How *dare* you.
Unhand me you...
Yikes!

There's a crystal
node right here.
More like a junction
box. If I can *just* get
it resonating at the
right *frequency*...

It's got a
deadlock seal.
I can't open it.

No sweat, Doc.
I'm on it.

Hey, *ugly*. I'm
over here. Catch
me if you can.

Is he...? Is he
doing what
I *think* he's
doing?

Erm... *JUMP!*

The *idiot!* They're
coming this way!

WHAT?

That seems
to have done
the trick!

I'll never get
another party
invite again!



Are you the Proprietor? I want a **word** with you about littering.

And I **resign**.



How **dare** you enter my office without an appointment! Robocopers - seize them!



Looks like your robot chums are kaput.

When your SubEds smashed through this portal, they **disrupted** the fabric of the Crystalline Matrix and caused a massive neural feedback loop.

You what?

The Eon has published its **last** edition.



But people **need** news. They can't get enough gossip. They crave scandal!

Nah. They just look at the pictures between hyperspace jumps to kill a bit of time.



So I'm **finished**. My business is in ruins!

Well, there are a lot of discarded copies of the Eon floating about out there. Have you ever thought of getting into the **recycling** business...?



Thanks for **everything**, Doc. Living in the past was getting kinda repetitive.

What about us, Doctor? How am I supposed to survive without guaranteed photo opportunities and press coverage?

I hear the vidcast chat shows are running short of showbiz couples over in the **Ell-Ay** Galaxy. You'll fit right in. Cheerio!

Join the Doctor for another new adventure next week!